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NOT IN HIS LINE.

Uncle Sam : AS IF IT WASN'T WORK ENOUGH TO RUN THE OLD FARM, WITHOUT FUSSING WITH FANCY EXOTICS !

Stern Bros.

in directing attention to
Their Fall Importations
of their celebrated

Classique Corsets

desire to make special mention of
Several New Models
particularly adapted to the styles of
costumes to be worn the coming
season

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silver forks and spoons at
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Peignoirs, Imported Tea Gowns.

Silk Petticoats.

Flannel and Crêpon Matinées, Bridal Trousseaux.

Broadway & 19th Street, N.Y.

CLUB MEN ON A TRAIN.

Several members of a New York Club describing a recent
trip to Chicago on one of the New York Central's twenty-
four hour trains, expresses the opinion that this service fur-
nished all the accommodations of a first-class club, with the
added advantage of the finest landscapes in the country and
an opportunity for the practical study of history and geog-
raphy that is unsurpassed.

A copy of "America's Great Resorts" will be sent free, postpaid, on receipt of a two-
cent stamp, by George H. Daniels, General Passenger Agent, Grand Central Station, New
York.

Wedding Silver

The Gorham Co., Silversmiths, have made unusual
preparations for the Autumn Wedding Season, especially
in the important lines of

Tea and Dinner Ware

A number of complete services, the result of the labor
of many months, are exhibited for the first time. The
facilities possessed by the Gorham Co. for the making
of such wares in Sterling Silver are unequaled. The
designing and manufacture are under constant super-
vision of a trained staff, which only ceases when the
finished product meets the approval of an officer of the
Company.

GORHAM MFG. CO.

Silversmiths

Broadway & 19th St.

23 Maiden Lane

A black and white caricature illustration of two men in top hats and long coats. The man on the left is shown in profile, leaning on a cane. The man on the right is facing forward, holding a cane. Both are wearing striped coats and top hats. The signature 'C. G. ...' is visible at the bottom left.

"WHAT ARE YOUR INTENTIONS REGARDING MY DAUGHTER?"

"WHAT ARE YOURS?"



"While there is Life there's Hope."

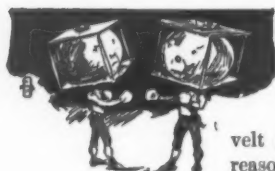
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IT must be exasperating to Mr. Hearst and Mr. Pulitzer to have Colonel Roosevelt give as a foremost reason for electing him Governor, that a Democratic victory in this State would be accepted in foreign parts as a repudiation of the war. The Colonel is strongly averse to swapping horses while crossing a stream, and he wants the voters to support him for the same reasons that they supported Lincoln for a second term. He suggested in his speech of acceptance that, if he were not chosen Governor of New York, someone might get the Philippines and Cuba away from us. He pointed out that an easy life is a mistake, either for an individual or a nation; that China has found no profit in minding her own business, and that that policy won't do for us, either; that we need a far larger army and navy than we have had, and that we must learn to help ourselves, and to be brotherly and hustle like anything, like the Rough Riders. We must dare to be great, the Colonel said, and he left no doubt in anybody's mind that after New Year's, if things go well, the State of New York will have a foreign policy that will make all the expansionists skip for joy.

Of the condition of the roads in Cattaraugus County he did not speak, nor did he mention the Erie Canal, nor say whether he favored filling it up or spending another nine millions in trying to make it float barges. Indeed, the only pointed allusions to State concerns made at the Carnegie Hall meeting were made

by the Honorable Timothy Woodruff, who is our present vice-Governor, and seems to know the State when he sees it, for all that he lives in Brooklyn.

It is evident that there are just two things in the Colonel's mind just now, and that one is soldiering, and the other our foreign policy. After his summer's work, it is natural that it should be so. It seems almost a pity that he is not heading for Washington instead of Albany, but, after all, Albany is a good place to cool off in, and there will be work to do there presently in which, when he gets down to it, he will doubtless find food for thought and chances for energetic action. LIFE could give much better reasons for electing him Governor than he has given as yet. He is honest, able, and independent, and, in whatever job he is put to work at, those qualities will count.



THERE is a good deal of point to what Mr. Choate said about the inexpediency of having one Van Wyck for Governor while another is Mayor of New York. It is the intention of the Constitution that the Governor shall be a check on the Mayor, and, though brothers don't always pull absolutely together, that useful end seems hardly likely to be promoted by sending Judge Augustus Van Wyck to Albany. Every man hates a row in his own family, and of course the Judge would think twice before he meddled with the Mayor.

Not so the Colonel. If he and the Mayor should disagree it would be one of the grandest scraps in history. Every sincere sportsman will vote for the Colonel for Governor. Both he and the Mayor dare to be great, and both believe in self-help, and scorn an easy life. If it should come about that they should both want to help themselves simultaneously to the same thing, there would be doings that would be profoundly soothing and helpful to all of us lazy, timid people.



IT has seemed as if the President's Commission of Inquiry must have been investigating some other war, and not our late trouble with Spain at all. Almost all the witnesses, so far, have

spoken with politeness and consideration about everything they saw and ate last summer, and have testified that there never was a similar affair so well managed. Two things we must expect. One is that no officer of the Regular Army who hopes for advancement in the coming reorganization of the army will allow himself to testify adversely about any arrangement for which the War Department was responsible. The other is that the Commission will not exert itself very much to bring bad work to light until after election. It is believed that a good deal of information about the conduct of the war could be picked up here in New York, but it may be time enough next month to start the quest for that.



SENATOR QUAY, of Pennsylvania, seems to have been found out again, this time, apparently, in gambling with funds of the State of Pennsylvania. He has been arrested, and released on bail. It remains to be seen how much inconvenience the incident will cause him. He has been found out often before. His ways of doing things are familiar, and moralists find much in them to regret. The voters of Pennsylvania, however, are very tolerant of Mr. Quay and his methods, and seem content to let him rule them as long as he is able to keep out of State's Prison.



THERE is a distressing rumor to the effect that Senator Macmillan, of Michigan, is to be appointed Ambassador to England, in order to leave a vacancy in the Senate which can be used as an inducement to Mr. Alger to give up being Secretary of War. It would be a lamentable pity if this rumor should turn out to be true. Such deals as this have been at the bottom of the worst blunders of President McKinley's administration. Such a deal made Sherman Secretary of State, and brought Alger into the Cabinet. Senator Macmillan, though an able man, is not the sort of able man that is suited to be Ambassador to England. The man for that post should be chosen for fitness, and nothing else.



"IT APPEARS, YOUR MAJESTY, THAT THE CAPTIVE NOW AWAITING YOUR ROYAL PLEASURE IS A KEELEY GRADUATE."

"I AM GLAD TO HEAR IT. THE ROYAL TREASURY IS LOW. HAVE HIM ASSAYED, AND APPLY THE RESULT TO THE AID OF THE GOLD RESERVE."

An Identification.

THE modern Cinderellas,
Left at home beside the embers,
Are the husbands of the women
Who of many clubs are members.

A Thoughtful Man.

DUDLEY (to physician): Both women ate fruit for supper, and I suppose it wasn't quite ripe. My mother-in-law was taken sick first; but, believing that my wife would be soon seized with a similar attack, I deferred sending for you until you would be able to kill two birds with one stone.

The Demon Rum.

"IF mothers will but neglect their homes," remarks the Demon Rum, "I care not with what fluid battleships are christened."

A Successful Scheme.

ABE: Ole Sile Harrower may be a hayseed, but he's jest cute 'nough to skin them city sportsmen who was shootin' round his place yesterday.

IKE: How'd he do it?

"He seed them fellers pullin' fer the train in the evenin' with three or four ducks apiece, an' he up an' made 'em pony up ten dollars for shootin' of 'em, claimin' they was his'n. An' the fellers left the ducks behind, too."

"Shoo, Sile never raised no ducks."

"'Course not."

"Whose was they, then?"

"Nobody's. They was wild ones all right, but Sile calk'lated them fellers wouldn't know the difference."

A Question.

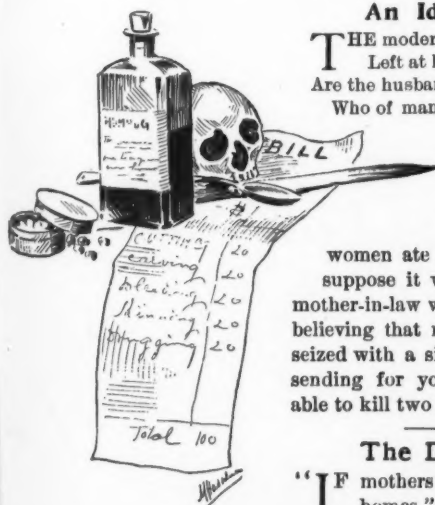
"I HOPE," said the cigar-dealer, "we don't annex Manila and Cuba."

"Indeed?" quoth the customer.

"Yes. If we do, where in thunder are our imported cigars to come from?"

OF the seventy-three million horses in the world, not one likes to be driven by a woman.

"WHAT shall I call my new dog? He's a Great Dane."
"Why, 'Hamlet,' of course."



Surrendered.

LITTLE Miss Muffet,
Through bliss and through buffet,
Determined unmarried to stay;
But a gallant Rough Rider
So boldly defied her
She's Mrs. Rough Rider to-day.

M. H. C.

A Co-operative Plan.

"I AM TOLD," said the reporter to the magnate whom he had been sent to interview, "that special pains will be taken, by the combination into which you are going, to get your employees interested in the business, and that they will have an opportunity to subscribe for stock?"

"That is right, sir," said the magnate.

"Quite so! Some of the gentlemen associated with me in the formation of the Wooden

Nutmeg Trust—I call it a trust, you see, although its formation

will reduce prices—have given much thought to the perplexing questions regarding the relation of capital to labor, and labor to capital. We have considered the various methods of profit sharing put into use by different employers and firms, and we have found insuperable difficulties in the

way of adopting them in our business. Profit sharing is all right when there are profits to share, but what are you going to do when there are losses? Ah! that is the rub, sir. But I may say that we have evolved a plan which can be availed of by our workpeople without any loss of self-respect whatever, and which will enable them to take an interest in the management of the business because they will be partners. The idea of dividing profits when there are profits, and of dividing none when there are no profits, without the recipient having any interest in the business aside from this possible division, is, I think, suggestive of charity. But there will be no charity in the plan now put into effect by the Combined Wooden Nutmeg Manufacturers. Stock is offered for sale to our workpeople on precisely the same terms and precisely the same price per share that it is offered to the present owners. We invite them to subscribe, and the more subscribers we find among our own workpeople the better we shall be pleased. Does not that idea commend itself to you, sir?"

It did commend itself to the reporter, and the reporter said so.

"By the way," added the magnate, as the reporter was putting his notebook into his pocket, "perhaps I ought to say that the directors thought it advisable to fix a minimum quantity of stock which could be allowed to a single subscriber. No subscription of less than fifty thousand dollars worth of stock will be considered. Good-day, sir. Thank you for calling."

William Henry Siviter.

Candlelight.

A DEAR, dim nursery; a tiny crib;
A great, wide feeling of night;
The crickets chirruping far away,
Outside—where it once was light;
A doting old nurse with a cracked old voice
Who sang to me, shrill and slow,
Going to bed by candlelight,
Hundreds of years ago!

'Twas true my rocking-horse did not move,
I'd watched him long through the door;
I could get no salt on the robins' tails,
And the coachman—my idol—swore!
Yet all these miseries passed away,
Away in a drowsy glow,
Going to bed by candlelight,
Hundreds of years ago!

If grown-up sorrows would die at dusk,
And care go down with the sun!
If hearts surrendered to sleepy heads,
And thought, with the day, were done!
If only, if only I knew once more
The bliss that I used to know,
Going to bed by candlelight,
Hundreds of years ago!

Graham Horne.

Balaam and His Beast.

HE: Do you believe, Miss Faith,
that an ass ever spoke?
SHE: Yes; don't you?

SOCIETY is human nature on dress parade.



A DENTIST'S DEVICE FOR

The Sign Was True.

MR. BICKER: It's my own fault. I knew that red hair was a sign of bad temper when I married you.

Mrs. BICKER: Well, at least you cannot say I am deceitful.

"No, you are not deceitful. You've got the bad temper all right."

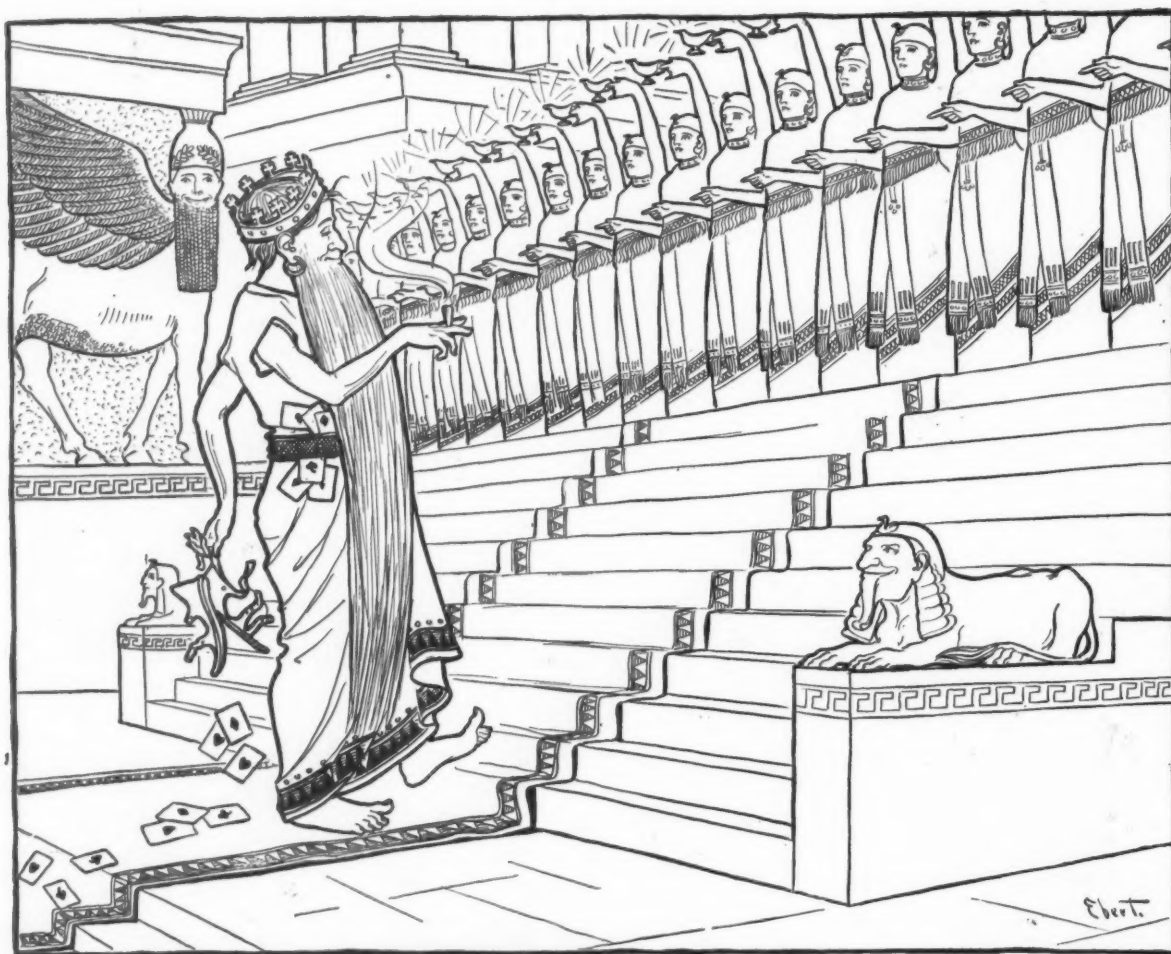


HOLDING TIMID PATIENTS.



GLIMPSES INTO THE FUTURE.
GLIMPSE III.

THE ERA OF WOMAN SUFFRAGE, WHEN ALL MEN OVER THIRTY YEARS OF AGE REMAIN SINGLE UNDER PENALTY OF DEATH.



SOLOMON (returning from the club): Z'AT YOU, MY DEAR?

BOOKISHNESS

"The Man Who Does Things," as Seen by Kipling.

IN the novels of most writers, the heroes are men who have no settled occupation—unless fighting or making love is an occupation. The hero goes around with a psychological problem in his head or a caricature on his face, but he never seems to turn his hands to any useful occupation. Such men are out of key with the end of the century.

Kipling knows better. From *Mulvaney* to *Disko Troop*, the men he depicts are workers. "I like men who do things," says that charming woman, *William the Conqueror*—and so does Kipling. All of the stories collected in "The Day's Work" (Doubleday & McClure) reveal this insati-

able curiosity for the way a thing is done—and intense admiration for the man who does it well. No Yankee ever poked his nose into machinery with a greater relish than Kipling shows. Here are stories that get at the very heart of a locomotive, an ocean steamer, a truss bridge, and a game of polo. He annexes a new technical vocabulary in each story, and, moreover, tries to make the terms familiar or poetic. And right here you touch the dangerous point of this most recent development of his genius. He presupposes a similar power of absorption for new and strange terms on the part of his reader. The word and its corresponding image are so real to him that he expects the reader to grasp the same technical precision of style. But occasionally the image slides off the reader, and the full force of Kipling's conception is lost. But enough that is marvelously real remains to fascinate. He has con-

quered a new province, and raised over it the flag of romance.

* * *

HE shows a similar facility in acquiring new dialects. We have taken his India on faith, because we do not know whether he is right or wrong. But when it comes to horses and locomotives talking United States, we have opinions of our own. It would take experts like Miss Wilkins or Uncle Remus to catch Kipling napping. Therefore, it is satisfying to infer that all those words from India that we cannot understand are probably correct.

But it is hard to understand how the phrase "It is all over except the shouting" reached the centre of Madras, and was used fluently by an English officer who had spent most of his life in the East.

* * *

BUT the world isn't all machines and men that do things. There must be



AN IMITATIVE FOWL.

"TO THINK I'VE STAYED OUT OF THAT GARDEN ALL THIS SEASON, JUST BECAUSE MY WINGS WERE CLIPPED!"

some sentiment in it, or the machines and men won't go. And Kipling knows that also—for he is a poet, and, as he says, if a poet is born with a love for the game, he can be made. So, while he has been hammering away at it, he has beaten out some pure grains of sentiment. Read "The Brushwood Boy" and "William the Conqueror," and you will find them. There isn't any love-making much prettier to be found than that of *William*, in her brown calico riding-habit, and poor *Scott* shaking from the fever. It is the real, inevitable thing; and Kipling, who has seen so keenly through shams and sophistries, and puts things bluntly and even brutally, has never written a sentence that takes one bit of glory and beauty from the sentiment that makes all effort, all that men do, worth while. "The Brushwood Boy" is an idyllic expression of it. The Boy and the Girl found it on the "Thirty-Mile Ride." All their lives had led up to it, and when it came they smiled and said, "What does it mean?"—but never doubted.

Droch.

Overlooked.

I TRIED my best to make her mine
And used my every art,
I did not leave a stone unturned
In any way or part.
But stop—I'm wrong—there's one that's left,
And that's Belinda's heart!

McLandburgh Wilson.

Whom It Was For.

MISS WANTERNO: Is it true, Mr. Meanitall, that Miss Jilter threw you over for somebody else?

MR. MEANITALL: Quite true. She threw me over for my present wife.

The Breaking Point.

"WHAT is the inside story of Teddy Roosevelt's break with the Independents?"

"Why, you see, he turned out to be an independent Independent."

An Ideal Spot.

UNCLE NED: Tommy, what's your idea of heaven?

"A place where you can eat too much without being sick afterwards."

A YOUNG man usually thinks the girl of his choice an angel; but in most cases the fact that she has chosen him shows a lack of that knowledge of good and evil which angels are supposed to possess.



TIMMY O'SHAUGHNESSY'S DREAM OF HEAVEN.

A Carrier's Address to Sleep.

OTHOU, delightful Sleep!
Come, as with touch of some light,
feminine palm,
Come, close my lids with sealing-wax of air,
Shutting me in an envelope of calm;
And send me "via Morpheus Line" afar,
That I may wander dreaming and—who knows?—
Reach the Dead Letter Office's repose,
Where time flies never, but doth always creep.
But, if you brand me with the blood-red stamp,
Then, Sleep, oh send me registered—here's a dime!—
For so I'll loiter through the postal camp,
Held and arrested though devoid of crime,
Yet be delivered after due delay
At my right destination—a holiday.

G. P. L.

THE *Herald of the Golden Age* makes a statement that should be slowly read and carefully digested by every human animal. Jingoism may absorb it with especial profit:

It is estimated that during the last century civilized Europe has expended £3,259,000,000 upon its war operations. With such a sum it might have eliminated poverty, decently housed the submerged tenth in every nation, bridged oceans, connected continents, swept the encroaching seas from vast tracts of submerged land, and reclaimed for man's advantage many desert and unwatered countries. This woeful waste, with all its appalling accompaniments, is enough to make angels weep and men despair.



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THE EDUCATION

VI

ON THIS OCCASION MR. PIPP FOLLOWS INSTANT
INTEREST



THE EDUCATION OF MR. PIPP.

VII.

PIPP FOLLOWS INSTRUCTIONS HE HAS RECEIVED AND APPEARS
INTERESTED.

Hats.

NOW look at the wonderful things called hats,
With feathers of fishes, of birds and of bats;
Delirium trimmings of ribbons and lace
Leap-frogging, high-kicking, running a race.
Oh! what a wild wilderness over a face
So fair and so fragile; 'twere easy to say
An angel from Skyville was coming our way.

W. J. Lampton.



What Goeth On at Present.

A NOISY claque made it impossible to tell whether the first audience to witness "The Christian" in New York really liked the piece or not. As the theatre emptied, the spectators had something of the same worn, drawn look to be seen on the face of a man who has been talked to death, which may be taken as at least a partial endorsement of the opinion previously expressed in these columns, that "The Christian" contains a large amount of conversation for a given amount of play, and that the conversation is not of a very enlivening kind.

New York is now quite a wide-open town, and is devoting more of its time to booming Theodore than to religion; so perhaps it is a good thing to have some large chunks of that latter rare commodity hurled at it from the stage. To be sure, the religion of "The Christian" is of a rather inferior grade, judging by its effect on its professors; but it might be better for New York to have some religion, even of the Hall Caine kind, than none at all. The first-night audience was clearly puzzled by the play. It found it hard work to tell what it was all about, and was not greatly enlightened when the final curtain left John and Glory standing with clasped hands and not a wedding certificate in sight. New York prefers to have its plays end with the characters definitely married, divorced, or dead.

The claque had evidently been duly informed that Mr. Caine was part of the show, and at the right moment called for him with a promptness and unanimity which must have warmed the cockles of his Manx heart. He responded with a very pretty and carefully prepared little impromptu speech.

* * *



THE reckless neglect of the fire ordinances at Weber and Fields's Music Hall is little short of criminal, and should be made the subject of investigation by the Fire Commissioners. Chairs are placed in the aisles, and the narrow passage back of the seats is so crowded nightly that ingress and egress are almost impossible. The exits are not plainly marked, as the law requires, and the diagrams on the programmes are so badly printed that it is impossible to

learn anything from them. To a less extent, the same is true of some other New York theatres.

The performances at these houses may be interesting, but there is not much pleasure in witnessing them when one's mind is occupied by the fear that one may be grilled alive before the end of the evening.

* * *

PERSONS fond of boisterous fun will find their fill of it in "Hotel Topsy Turvy," at the Herald Square Theatre. The story is based on the farcical difficulties of a circus troupe that tries to keep hotel. The ensuing complications and what happens to the guests can be better imagined than described, but they are faithfully and strenuously depicted by a company which does its work fairly well, but might be improved. The bulk of the exertion falls to Miss Marie Dressler and Mr. Edwin Foy. Their abilities in the line of able-bodied comedy are well known, and they fully sustain their reputations as fun-makers. Miss Dressler has the uncommon gift of personal magnetism to a high degree, and it would be interesting to see it turned in the direction of more refined work than that in which she is usually engaged.

Being produced with the assistance of Mr. Edouard Evangeline Rice, the acting parts are well backgrounded by shapely damsels in costumes more gorgeous than copious.

* * *



the American stage?

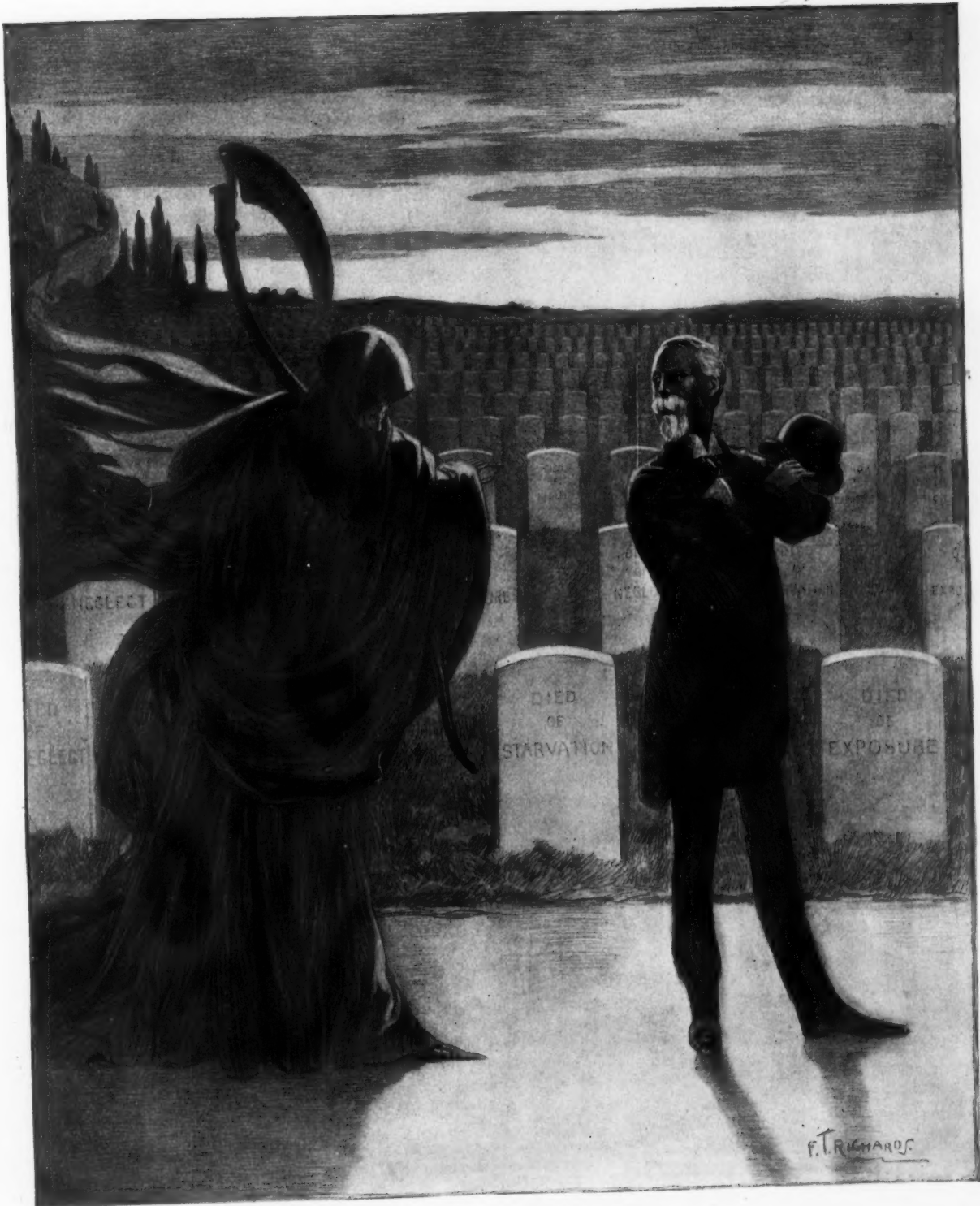
OW dared Mr. Gisiko, as Count Zarfouli in "Hotel Topsy Turvy," make himself up to resemble so closely the able and honest critic of the morning *Sun*? Has all reverence for the good, the beautiful, and the true, deserted

Metcalfe.

GEORGE R. DAVIS



WILKINS (about to discharge the cook): I'M MIGHTY GLAD I SAVED THESE FOOTBALL THINGS OF TOM'S.



"WE DO MAKE A STRONG TEAM, MR. ALGER."

At Dawson City.

"OH, this is the land for me!" he cried,
As he sawed the bolts in two,
And softly he whistled as he cracked
The great safe through and through.
Then he lit his pipe and thus observed,
As he quietly sat down,
"There ain't no hurry about this job,
Like the jobs in Gotham town."
And slowly he sorted out the swag,
Then leisurely walked away,
And blithely he said, as he glanced at the stars,
"It is still three weeks till day."

Will Lisenbee.

The Athletic Girl.

WHEN they told you that she was an Athletic Girl you felt like running away. You knew that her mission in life was continually to demonstrate the supremacy of the feminine mind and the inefficiency of the masculine body. She had, you suspected, unlimited quantities of what the novelists somewhat vaguely call "good red blood," and she was supposed to affect sweaters and

an irresistible air of camaraderie.

Quite indifferent to fatigue or the weather, rain bothered her as little as romance, and she was equally invulnerable to the attacks of sun or sentiment. Her men friends were chosen by the same tests that she used in purchasing her hunters, and she was supposed to regard a pair of shoulders with the same sort of connoisseurship that a horseman examines the gait of a thoroughbred.

You knew that you were out of it from the first. Of course she was not aware that the long, lanky arms, and the loose-jointed shoulders on which your coat hung as on a clothes-frame, had been said by an English coach to be built more like the typical Oxford or Cambridge rowing-man than anything he had seen in this country; and as your trouser-legs did not taper at all like Mr. Rassen-dyl's, she could not suspect that you had done your half-mile under two minutes. As it was, she gave the favor of her smile to the man who had the reputation, while you were in his class, of being the biggest "thug" and the best hammer-thrower in college. Now, you had often seen him in the plunge at the gymnasium

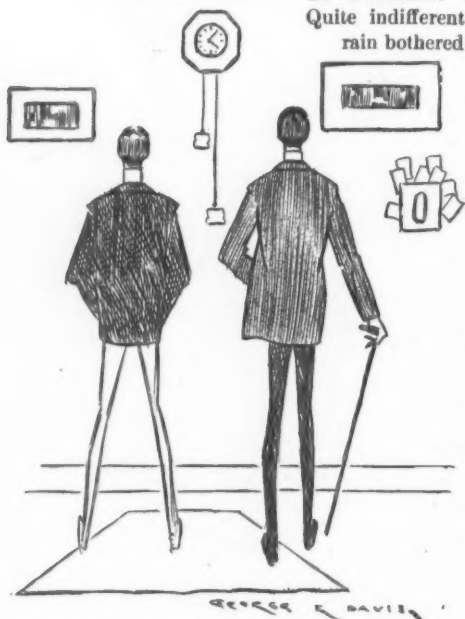


"COME, COME! WHAT'S ALL THIS NOISE ABOUT?"

"I WANT MY HAT. HOW DO YOU 'SPECT A FELLER CAN CATCH BUTTERFLIES WITH THIS THING?"



and the inefficiency of the masculine body. She had, you suspected, unlimited quantities of what the novelists somewhat vaguely call "good red blood," and she was supposed to affect sweaters and



"THOSE ARE VERY CURIOUS WEIGHTS ON YOUR CLOCK."

"YES. I GOT THOSE AT A CHURCH FESTIVAL LAST WEEK. THEY WERE ORIGINALLY INTENDED FOR BISCUITS."

and knew all about him, and that he was fat, and the sort of man who gets in the pictures of the football squad but never plays in a big game. Any man could have seen this at a glance, but as she was merely an Athletic Girl, of course she might be expected to make mistakes. It gave you, however, a sort of tacit superiority which was righteously masculine, and you began to admire her.

This thrust you only in deeper trouble. You dared not venture epigrammatic gallantries for fear of being thought cleverly shallow, and you could neither read poetry to her nor admire a moonlit night, for the shame of showing your lack of virility. Vaguely, you began to wish that you were an orphan and very poor, that you had been a newspaper reporter—"by choice"—and had swum the Hellespont, and managed rebellions in little South American republics, and shot a rhinoceros. No one could deny that she was very beautiful, and you wanted to tell her so. But unless it could be

done with your head thrown back, your eyes on the vanishing point, and a look on your face as of one who is trying both to remember what he was about to say and to forget that he has toothache, you felt it could not be done at all.

One day, however, when you had rescued her from the top of her upset canoe, and later watched her as she tried to bait a hook with a live minnow, you forgot all things and blurted out the secret of your heart. There was suspense for an instant; then all of a sudden there came a collapse, and you learned that she had not created herself out of vanity and good red blood, but had descended, after the usual manner, from dear old Mother Eve. The marriage is to occur in the early winter.

IF Colonel Roosevelt loves war, as some persons allege, it is purely on sporting grounds, and not from any pecuniary profit he finds in it. The Colonel's personal account books covering his recent military career have not been published. What is inside of them is suggested by the statement that, as late as October 6th, there still lingered in New York as many as eighty Rough Riders, of whom, said a newspaper, "all who can be reached will be sent home by the Colonel himself."



A New Propaganda.

WHAT'S this, what's this, what's this? Mr. Reginald de Koven and Mr. Hobart Chatfield Chatfield Chatfield-Taylor to unite and produce a play called "The Manners of Good Society," which shall teach propriety to New Yorkers? Such is the serious statement of one of our esteemed daily contemporaries. Both of these gentlemen originated in Chicago, and for them to attempt to teach the *convenances* to dwellers in the metropolis recalls strongly that ancient educational

King Waltz.

THE dancing-masters meet each year
And on us try to spring
Fandangoes new and jig-steps queer,
But Waltz remains the King.



They tried the York
and Schottische,
And that most erratic
Fling
Peculiar to the Scottish,
But Waltz is still the King.

So squeak, ye feline violin,
And let the wood-brass sing,
Uniting in a merry din,
And long may Waltz be King.

process which involves a grandchild, a female grandparent, and the sucking of eggs. We could readily picture Mr. de Koven delivering a discourse on "The Art of Remembering Other People's Music," or "How to Make New Operas Out of Old Ones." It would also be interesting to hear Mr. H. C. C. Taylor tell how he showed Chicago society the viciousness of passing jeweled toothpicks at ceremonious dinners, and how he fought the Chicago custom of serving beer instead of water in the finger-bowls. These things would be interesting, but are our bad manners apt to be improved by suggestions from Chicago?



"SCRAPS OF LEARNING."



THE HOWLING DERVISHES.

The dervishes are howling on the Nile,
They are scampering across the burning plains;
They are giving small attention unto style,
And most of them are full of shooting pains.
The old Khalifa's going like the wind,
And beads of sweat are dripping from the cuss;
The members of the harem they are hurrying on behind,
And yelling at him, "Pa, you wait for us!"

—Cleveland Leader.

LADY VISITOR: What a pretty baby. How old is he?

MAMIE (aged five): I ain't quite sure, mum; we've had him about a year.—Brooklyn Life.

SHE was a pretty little miss with black eyes and plump, red cheeks, and she walked up to an officer at the depot and asked:

"Do you know where Fred is?"

"Fred?" repeated the officer perplexed.

"Then the pretty little girl stood on tip-toe and whispered something into the officer's ear, and he smiled broadly and said:

"Oh, yes."

Then he jumped into a car and presently there issued forth a pallid-faced, emaciated youth who looked as though he once had been handsome, but that was before he let his thin, scraggy beard grow.

The emaciated soldier boy and pretty girl greeted each other with exclamations of pleasure. Then she said:

"What a horrid beard!"

When last seen he was still explaining that having no razor he could not remove the whiskers from his face. But he did not need to explain. It was all right anyway.

—Inter-Ocean.

"EXCUSE me," exclaimed the timorous man, "but may I disturb you for a few minutes on a matter of considerable importance to myself and possibly of some concern to you?"

"No, sir!" replied the disagreeable citizen. "Not unless you promise not to waste as much time talking business as you do apologizing."—Evening Star.

ADMIRAL DEWEY apparently thinks that there are better names for ships of war than *Harvard* and *Yale*. He recently remarked that, since the Navy Department was giving the names of educational institutions to ships, he would follow suit. Two microscopic gunboats captured from the Spanish, called the *Callao* and *Leyte*, he has decided to re-christen, and he suggests that the first be called *The Philadelphia College of Physicians and Surgeons*, and the second *The Massachusetts Institute of Technology*.—Argonaut.

A NEW ORLEANS drug clerk wanted to enlist in the United States Navy. He was an efficient druggist, but strenuously disliked undignified haste. In fact, his tendency to taking everything slowly and with dignity had seriously stood in the way of his advancement even in his own particular calling, and it was partly for this reason that he wished to join the navy.

"In what capacity do you wish to enlist?" asked the officer, very briskly.

"As a druggist, sir," answered the applicant.

"Can't do it; we'll have to ship you as a landsman."

"What does a landsman have to do?" questioned the applicant, doubtfully.

"Anything he is told to do, and do it d—d quick, too."

The druggist's assistant stifled his thirst for fame on the briny deep with startling alacrity after having received this answer.—Inter-Ocean.



R. H. RUSSELL: NEW YORK.

The Hollow Tree. By Albert Bigelow Paine. Illustrated by J. M. Condé.

Cyrano de Bergerac. A play in five acts, by Edmond Rostand. Translated by Gladys Thomas and Mary F. Guillemand.

D. APPLETON AND COMPANY: NEW YORK.

David Harum. By Edward Noyes Westcott.

THE CENTURY COMPANY: NEW YORK.

Madame Butterfly, and Other Tales. By John Luther Long.

The Cricket on the Hearth. By Charles Dickens. With Introduction by Joseph Jefferson.

The Adventures of François. By S. Weir Mitchell, M.D., LL.D. (Harvard and Edinburgh).

The Casting Away of Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleahine. By Frank R. Stockton. With Illustrations by Frederic Dorr Steele.

Down Dingley Lane, and Other Ballads. By Virginia Woodward Cloud. With Illustrations by Reginald B. Birch.

DOUBLEDAY AND M'CLURE COMPANY: NEW YORK.

Ulysses S. Grant. His Life and Character. By Hamlin Garland.

The Day's Work. By Rudyard Kipling.

Mistress Nancy Molesworth. By Joseph Hocking.

The Californians. By Gertrude Atherton. London and New York: John Lane.

The Fall of Santiago. By Thomas J. Vivian. New York: R. F. Fenko and Company.

FIRST JURYMAN: What did you think when the Judge committed Dobson to prison for contempt of court?

SECOND JURYMAN: I was glad he wasn't a mind-reader.

—The Green Bag.

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THE TWO SPHINXES.



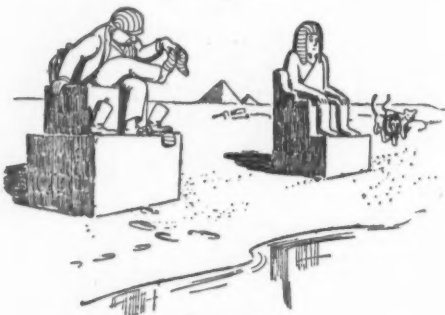
MR. BOREM: I am opposed to intoxicating liquors as a beverage, yet I believe that liquor rightly used is a benefit to humanity. I am fully convinced that whiskey was once the means of saving my life.

MISS CUTTING: Perhaps it did; but I fail to see how that proves it a benefit to humanity.—*London Budget*.

THE GREAT INDUSTRY OF FRANCE.

The reports from the Champagne district show that the present grape crop is a very fine one as regards quality. The fruit is now being gathered, and, as usual, the great bulk of the choicest grapes are being forwarded to the establishment of Veuve Pommery Fils & Co. at Reims, which, because of its enormous business, has had this year, as in the past, the option on the crop of all the vineyards which are known for the fine flavor of their grapes. There is no house engaged in making Champagne which pays such careful attention to the selection of the fruit used. This accounts in a large measure for the fact that among connoisseurs the world over, Pommery, either "Sec" or "Brut," is the choicest of all wines.

A TEXAS Judge was robbed of a horse not long ago, and the thief, being apprehended, was brought before him for trial. The Judge eyed the prisoner with deep satisfaction for a minute or so, and then delivered himself of the following: "Owing to a personal prejudice, the Court will not hear this case. It will be tried by the bailiff, who will find a verdict in accordance with the facts. In the meantime," he added, impressively, "the Court will go outside and bend a rope and pick out a good tree."—*The Green Bag*.



A STORY characteristic of General Scott is told in connection with the sword presented to him by the State of Louisiana, through the Legislature, at the close of the Mexican War.

He was accosted one day by a man who said, "General Scott, I had the honor of doing most of the work on the sword presented to you by the State of Louisiana. I should like to ask if it was just as you would have chosen."

"It's a very fine sword, sir; a very fine sword, indeed," said the General. "I am proud to have it. There is only one thing I should have preferred different. The inscription should have been on the blade, sir. The scabbard may be taken from us, but the sword—never!"

The sword cost about five hundred dollars, the principal expense being in the scabbard, which was richly chased and ornamented.—*Youth's Companion*.

MODERN CIVILIZATION.

It is observed that nature's supply of food for infants is lacking in the higher civilization; but the deficiency is perfectly supplied by the use of the Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk.

THIS little speech on the "new history" was delivered by Lord Sherbrooke at the thousandth anniversary of his own college at Oxford. He took the spirit of the age to task for resolving so many things worth believing into mere myth and fable. "For example," he said in concluding, "we have always held that certain of the college lands in Berk-



shire were given it by King Alfred. The new historians show us that the lands were never his. But they prove too much. Had they been his, he would have kept them. Being another's, he seized the occasion to make the college a handsome present."—*Argonaut*.



—From *Polichinelle*.

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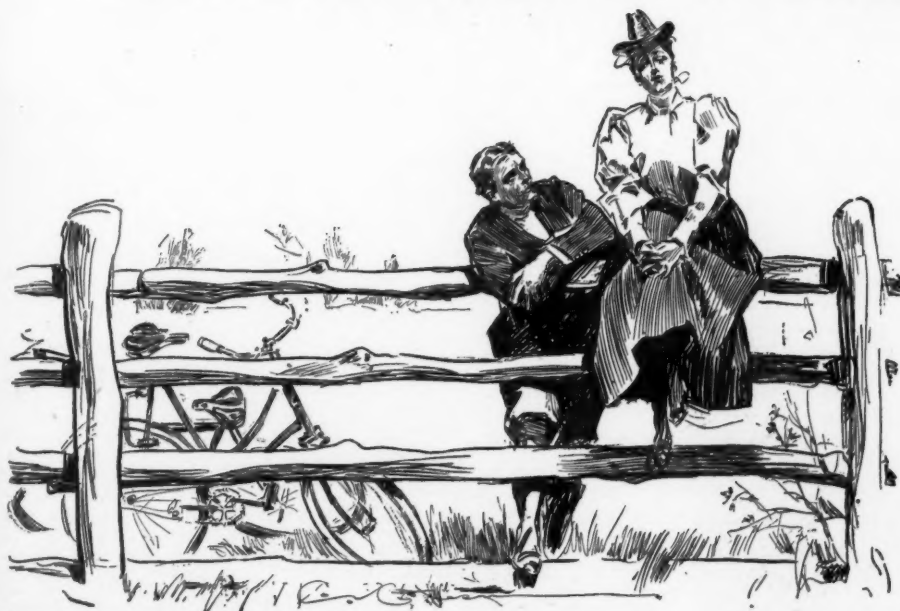
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